



GUY GARDNER

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GUY GARDNER™

**--TERMINATES
AN ASSASSIN!**

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



BY
GERARD JONES,
JOE STATON &
TERRY BEATTY

PLUS!
**GUY vs.
TICE!**

GOLDEN BOY

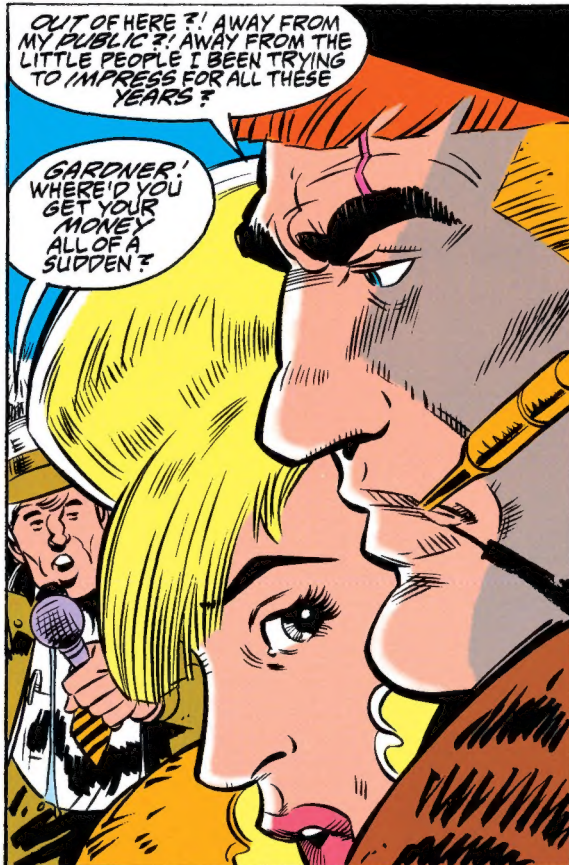
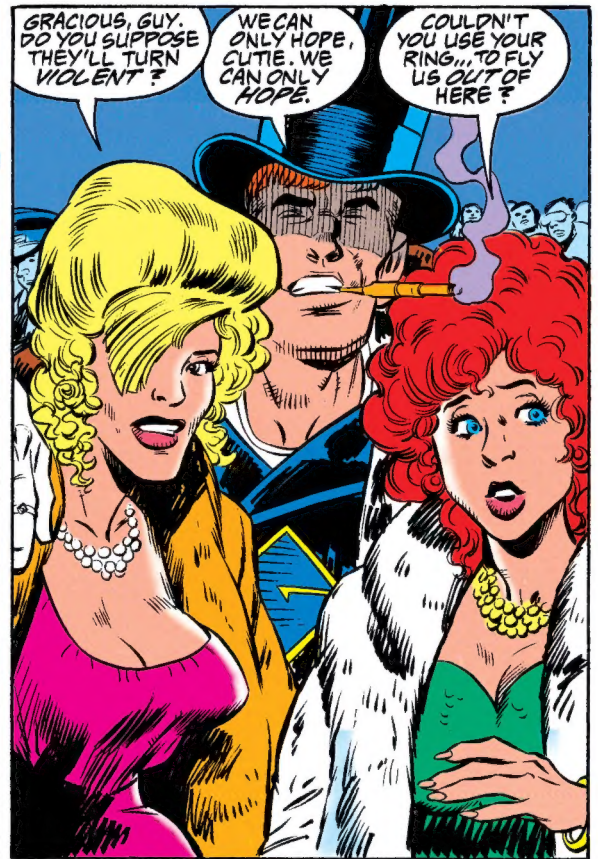
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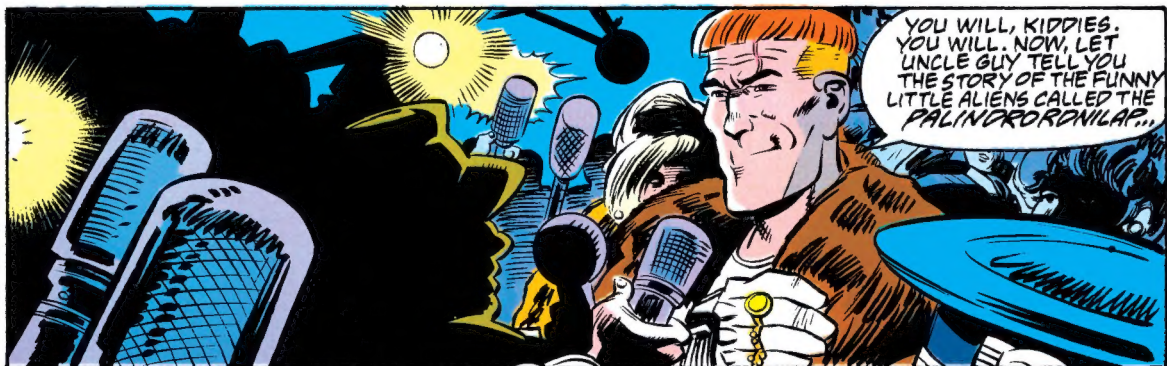
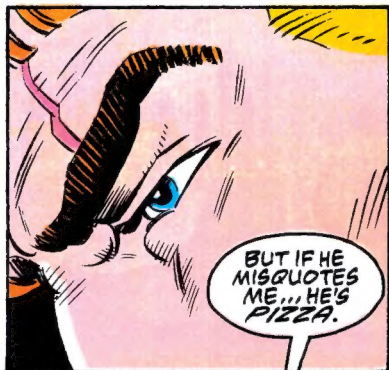
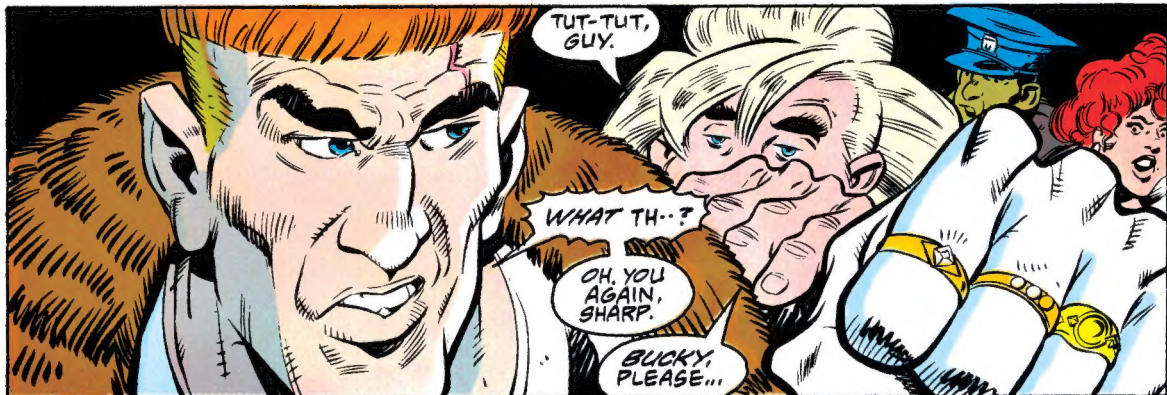
NOW THIS, BABIES,
THIS-- IS GUY'S KINDA
CROWD!



YA MY HEE-RO,
GUY! LOOKA MY
HAIR!

NO, GUY!
LOOKA MY
HAIR!







THEY'RE TRYING TO START UP AN INTERSTELLAR SECURITY BUSINESS, SEE, LIKE A GREEN-LANTERN-CORPS-FOR-HIRE...

WELL, SEEMS I WAS HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH MY RINGS ABOUT THEN...

...AND THEY WANTED ME AS THEIR BIG GUN.

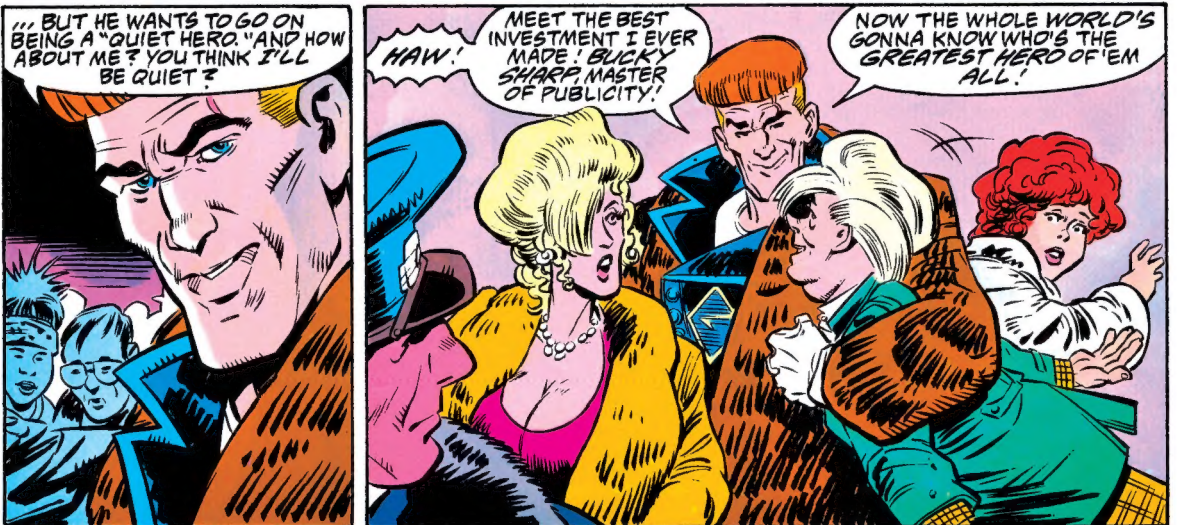
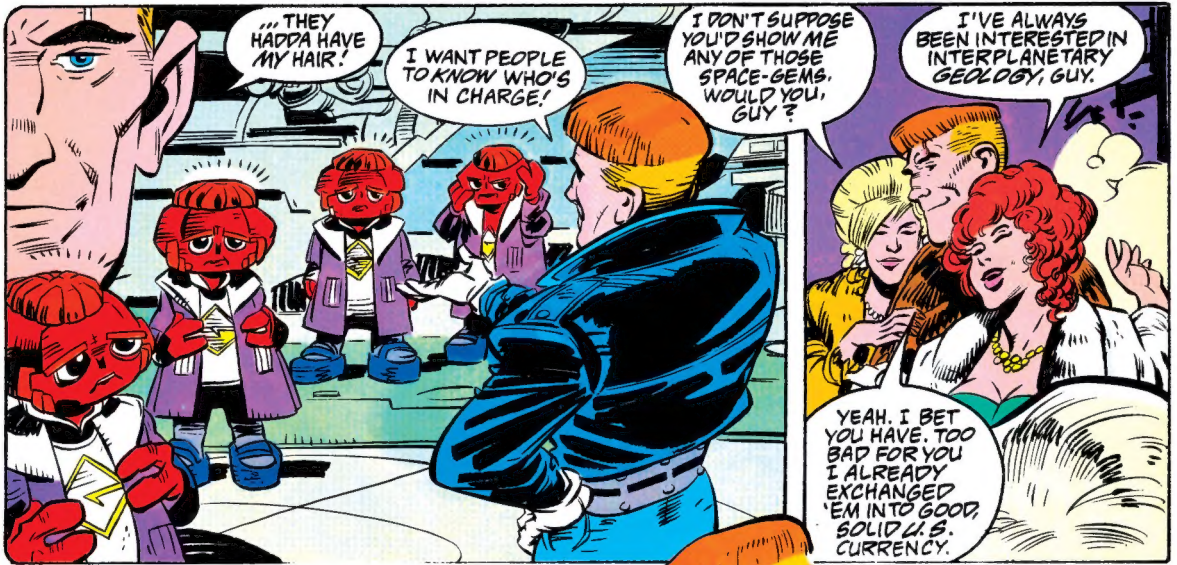
...AND SO I WENT OFF TO GIVE THE OL' APPLIANCE A LITTLE TEST.

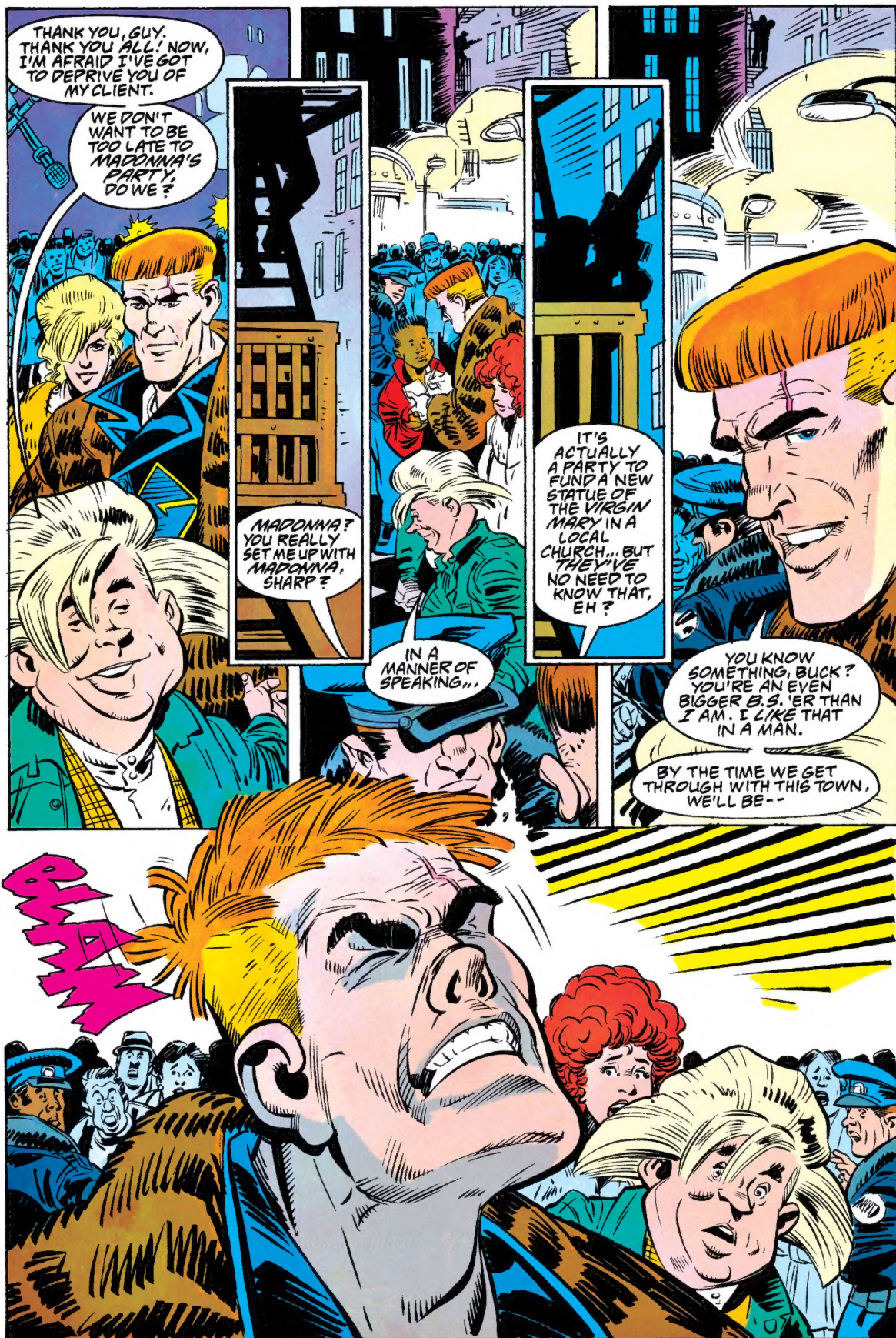
NAMELY, POUNDING A FEW THOUSAND OF THE GALAXY'S TOUGHEST BRUIERS INTO A STICKY PINK GELATINOUS PASTE.

AFTER THAT, THOSE PALINDROP, DORP... WHATEVERS... COULDN'T BEG LOUD ENOUGH.

I SAID I'D MAKE SOMETHING OUTTA THEIR OUTFIT IF THEY'D PUT ME IN CHARGE... PAY ME IN PURE GEMSTONES, THAT I COULD SELL HERE ON EARTH...

...AND RENAME THEMSELVES THE "GARDNERS OF THE UNIVERSE." OH YEAH, AND ONE MORE THING...





THANK YOU, GUY.
THANK YOU ALL! NOW,
I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT
TO DEPRIVE YOU OF
MY CLIENT.

WE DON'T
WANT TO BE
TOO LATE TO
MADONNA'S
PARTY, DO WE?

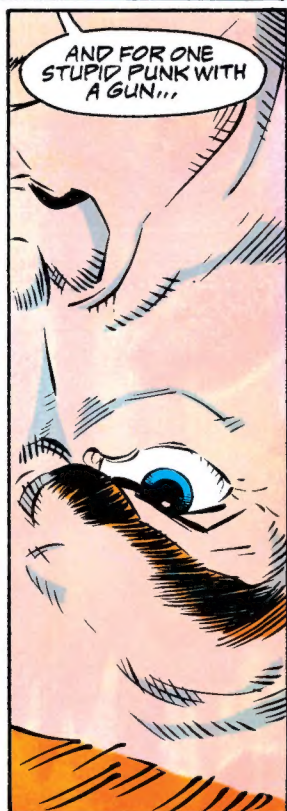
MADONNA?
YOU REALLY
SET ME UP WITH
MADONNA,
SHARP?

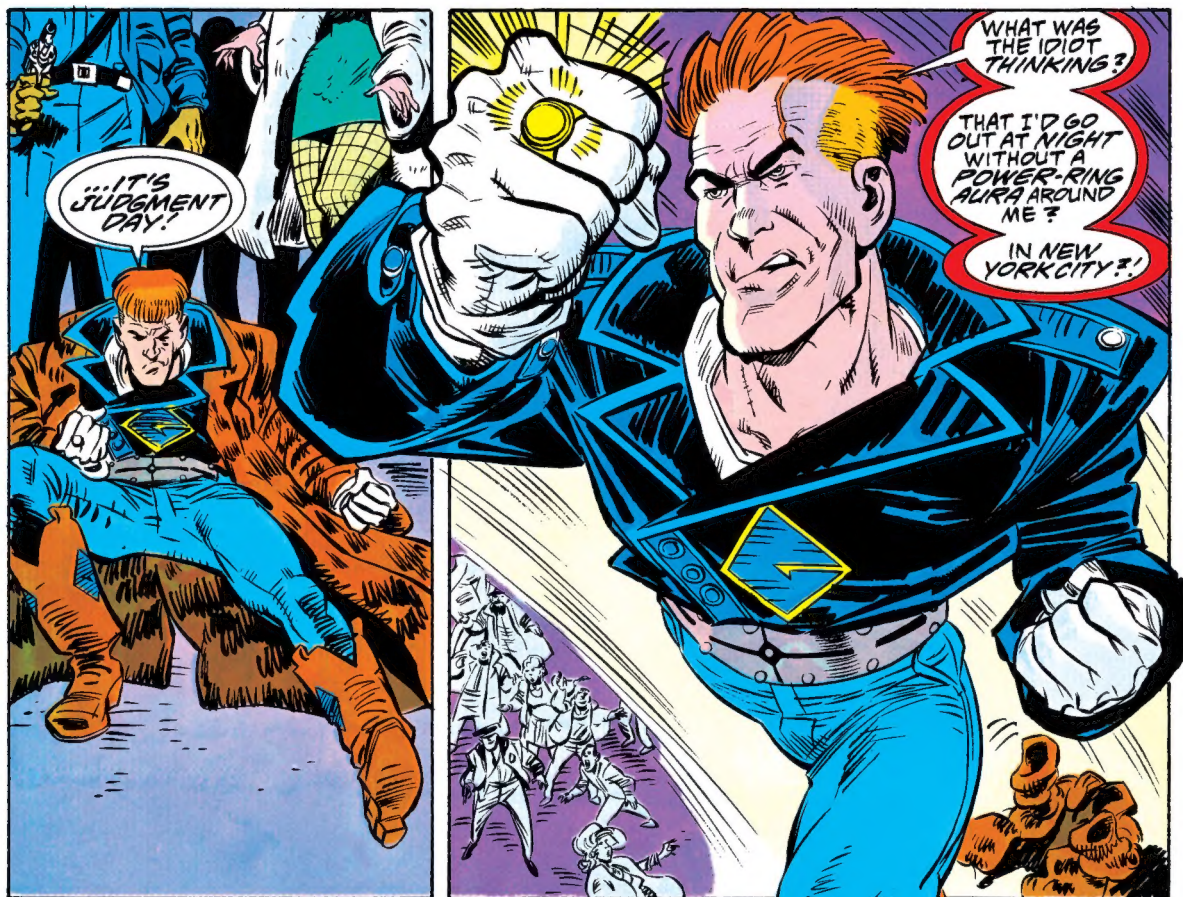
IN A
MANNER OF
SPEAKING...

IT'S
ACTUALLY
A PARTY TO
FUND A NEW
STATUE OF
THE VIRGIN
MARY IN A
LOCAL
CHURCH... BUT
THEY'VE
NO NEED TO
KNOW THAT,
EH?

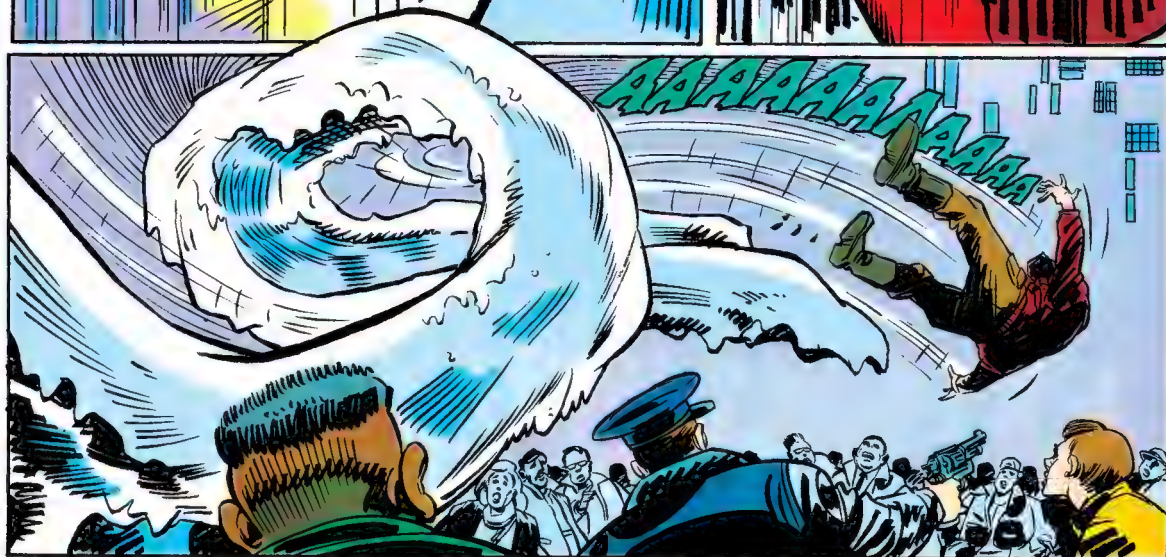
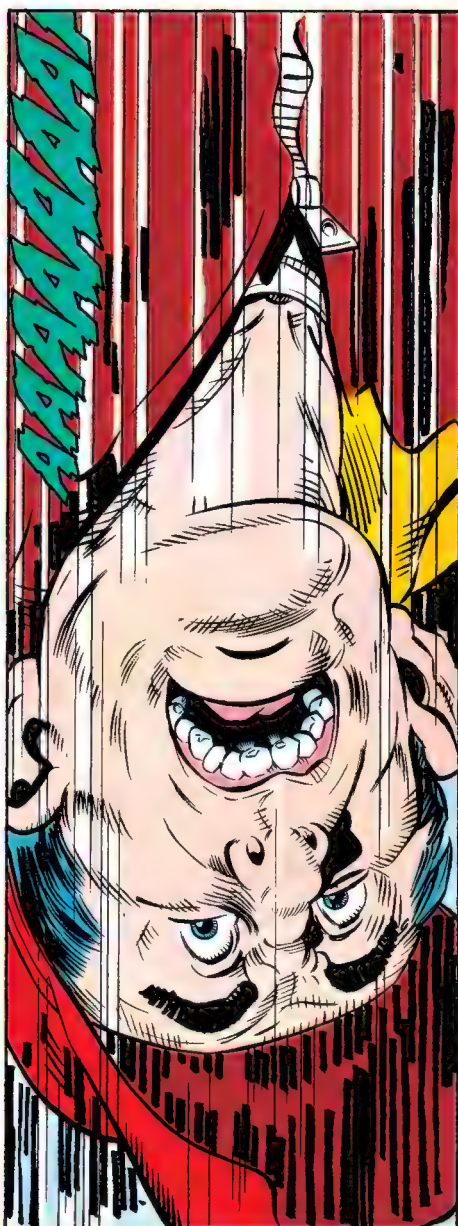
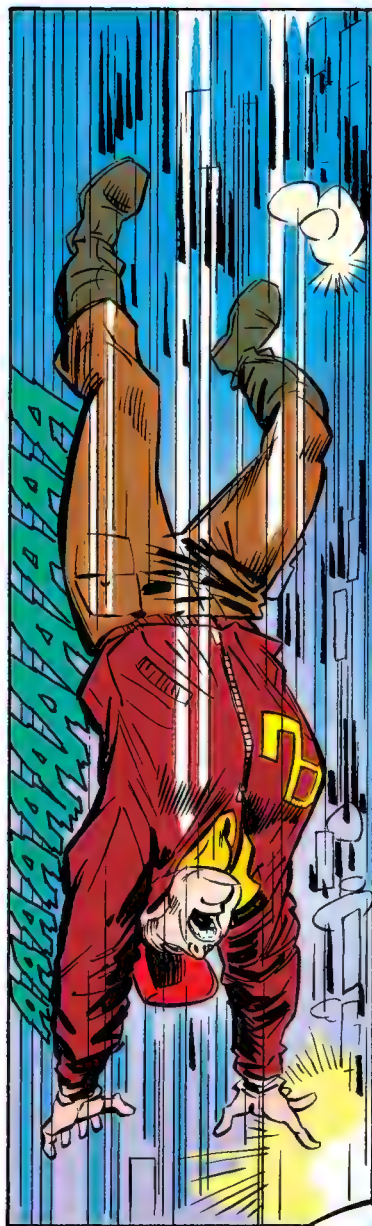
YOU KNOW
SOMETHING, BUCK?
YOU'RE AN EVEN
BIGGER B.S. 'ER THAN
I AM. I LIKE THAT
IN A MAN.

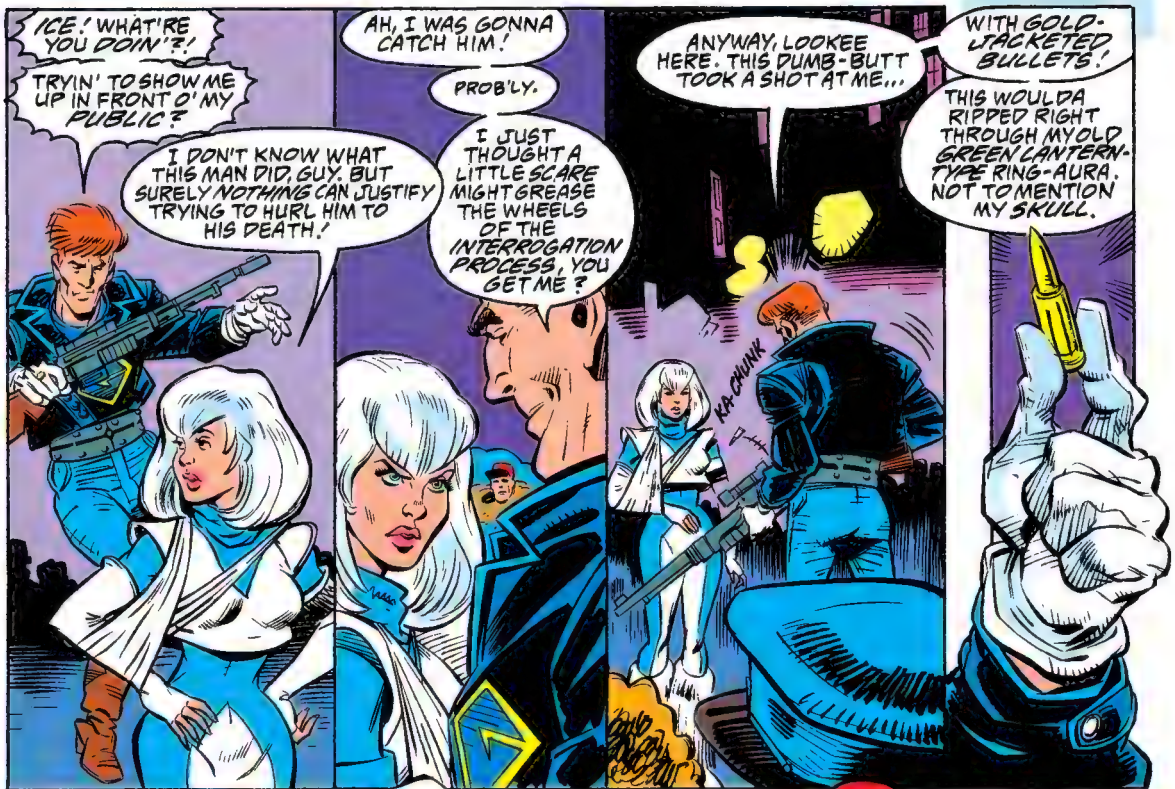
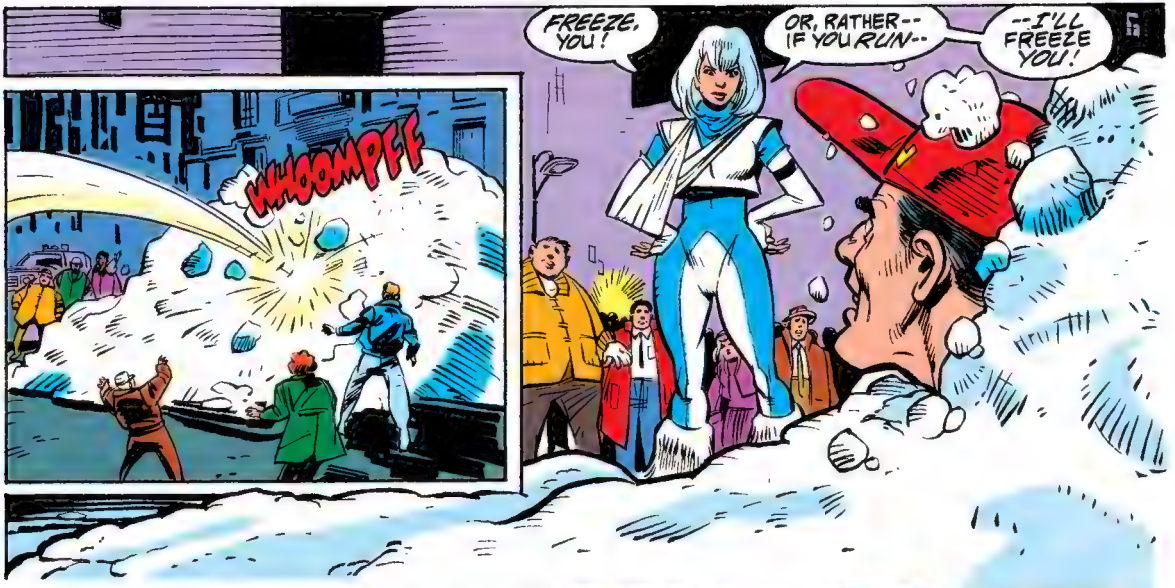
BY THE TIME WE GET
THROUGH WITH THIS TOWN,
WE'LL BE--

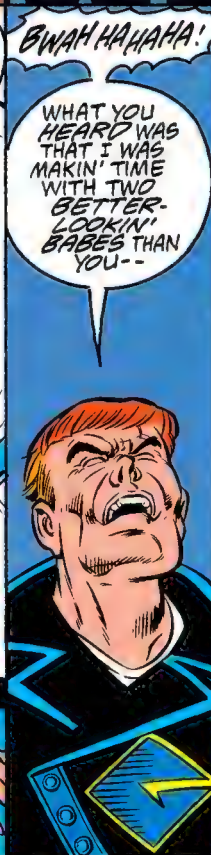
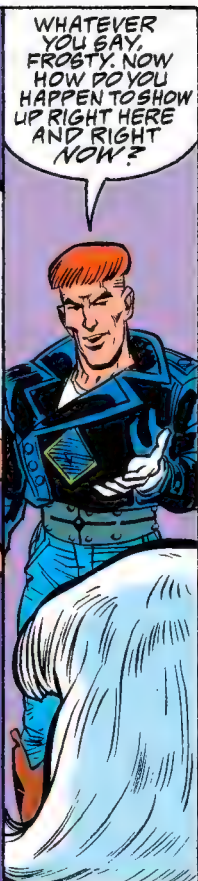
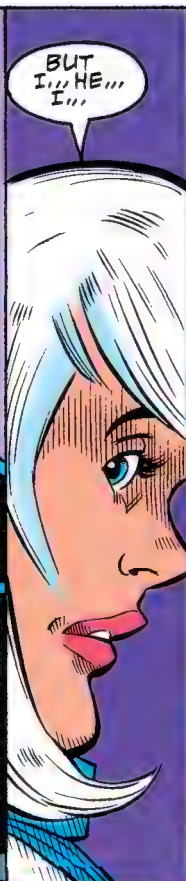
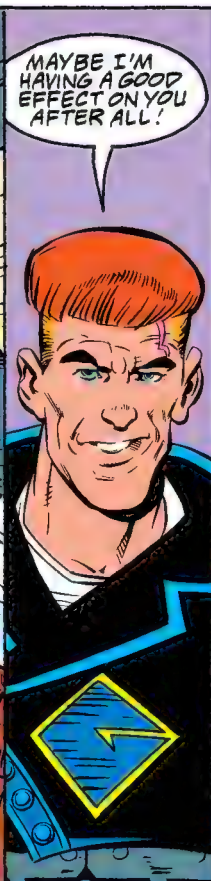












I... I HEARD YOU'D BEEN SHOT. AND...

TRY AGAIN, BABY. NO WAY YOU COULD GET HERE FROM JLA HQ THAT QUICK.

ALL RIGHT, THEN! I HEARD YOU WERE TRAPPED IN AN UNRULY MOB, AND--

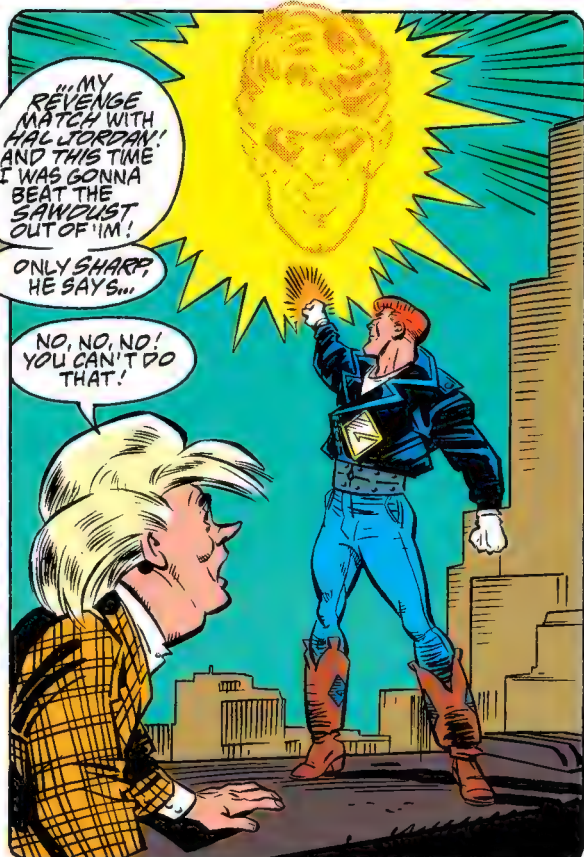
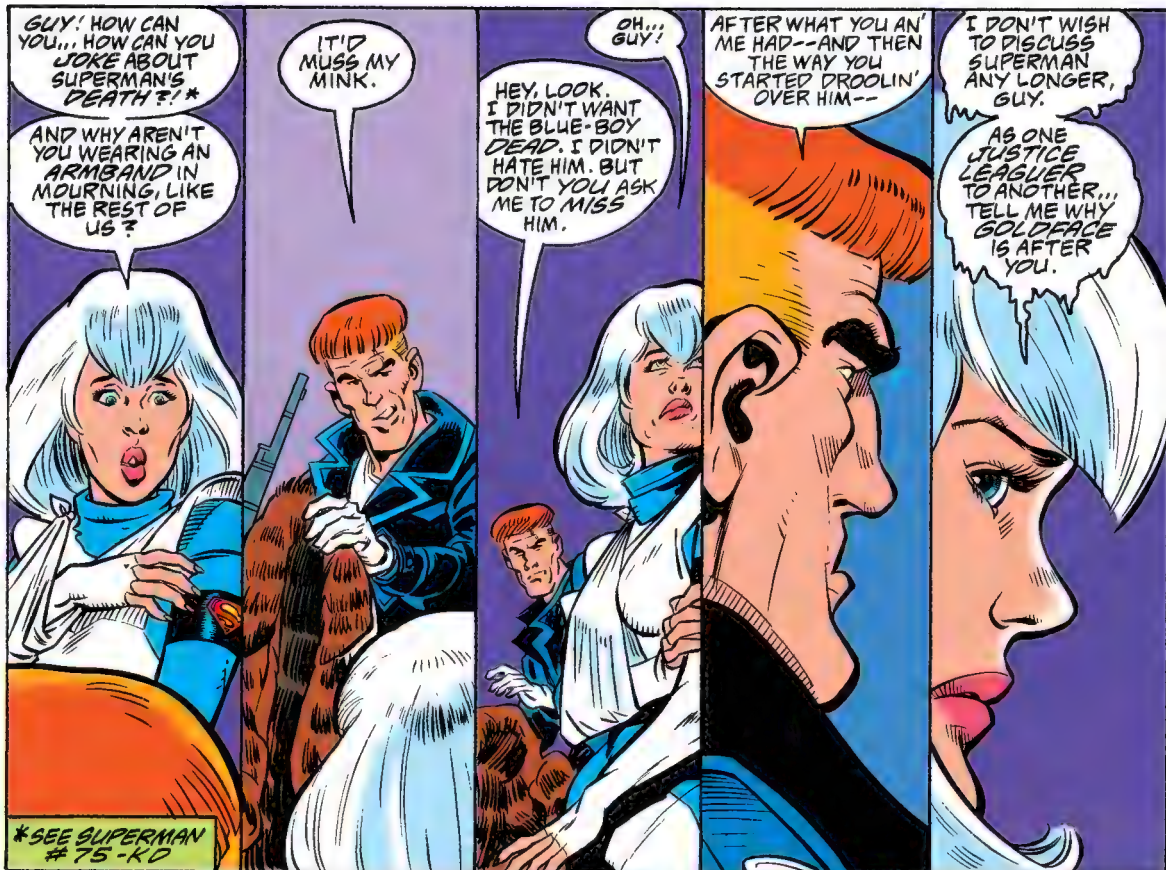
BWAH HAHAHA!

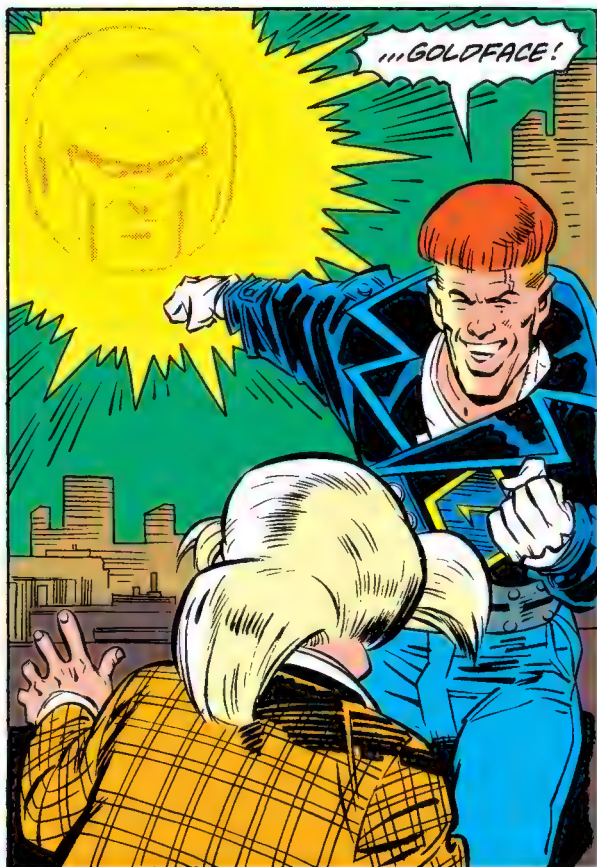
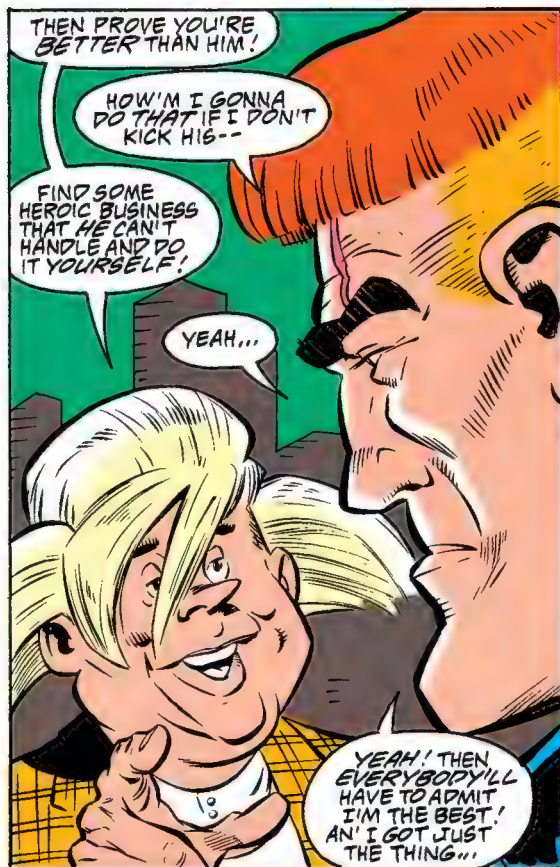
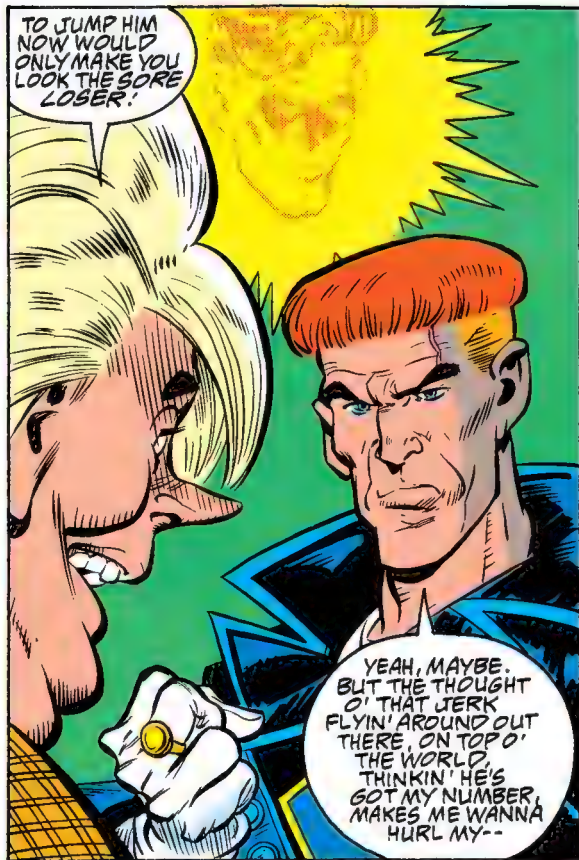
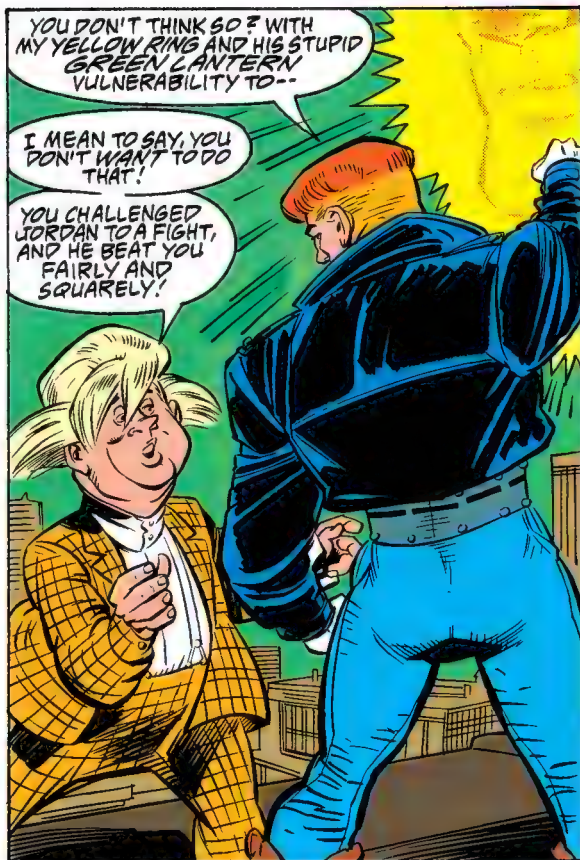
WHAT YOU HEARD WAS THAT I WAS MAKIN' TIME WITH TWO BETTER-LOOKIN' BABES THAN YOU--

--AN' YOU COULDN'T STAND IT!

THAT'S... THAT'S RIDICULOUS! I... I...

'SA MATTER FRIDGE 'N BASKIN' IN SUPERMAN'S MEMORY AIN'T ENOUGH FOR YA?







TWICE THAT BRASS BUTTHEAD HAS HUMILIATED ME!*

AND FROM WHAT I HEAR, HE GAVE JORDAN THE SLIP, TOO! **

YOU GOT A BETTER WAY TO PROVE MY NATURAL SUPERIORITY THAN TO BUST GOLDIE'S "INTERSTELLAR CRIME GANG"!

*GREEN LANTERN #18 AND GUY GARDNER REBORN #1. **GL #28.



FIRST I TRIED TO GET MY RING TO TRACK HIM DOWN FOR ME...



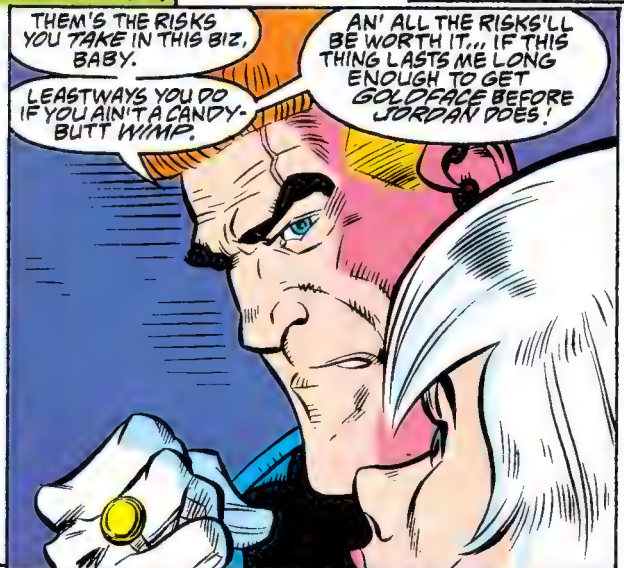
TIALESTRA
GOLDFASSA-NUI ZINAMATMA
LASSA VEGA-NUI PISTRA
REPPA JOCASTRA MASTRA
SUI-HUI!

"... BUT THE DAMN THING WOULD ONLY TALK SINESTRO'S LANGUAGE, KORUGARIAN!"



SAME AS WHEN IT CONKED OUT ON ME. THING'S GONNA DRIVE ME WHACKO.

BUT... BUT, GUY... SHOULD YOU TRUST A RING LIKE THAT? IF IT GIVES OUT DURING A CRISIS, YOU COULD BE... BE...



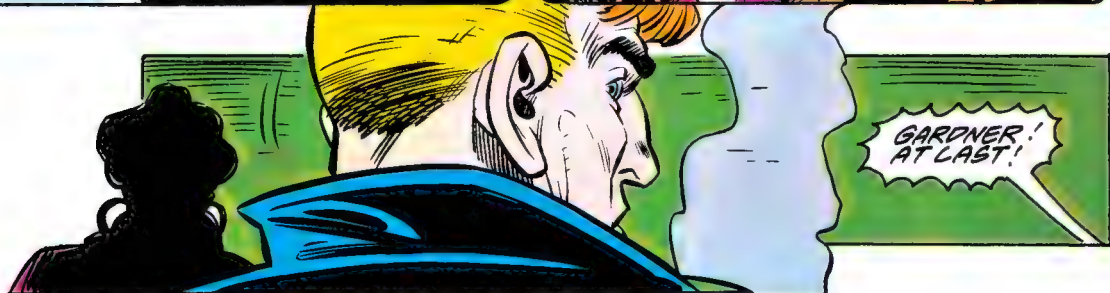
THERE'S THE RISKS YOU TAKE IN THIS BIZ, BABY.

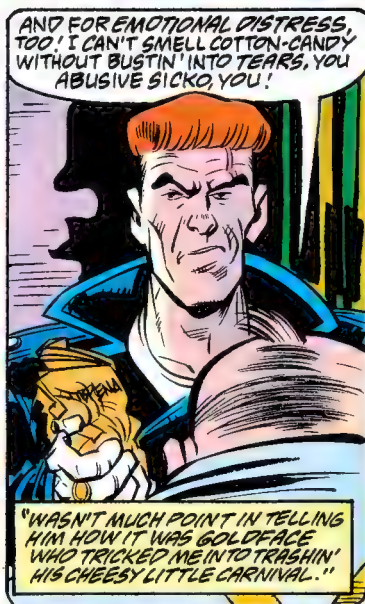
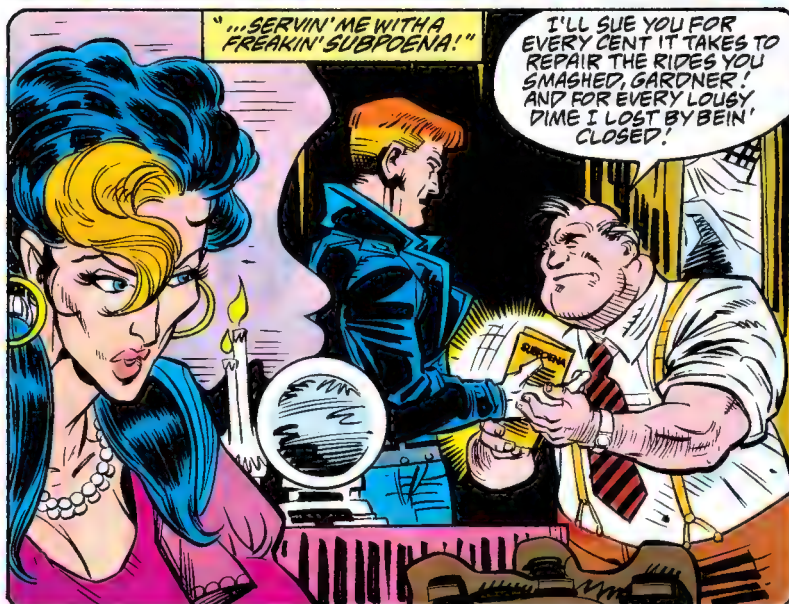
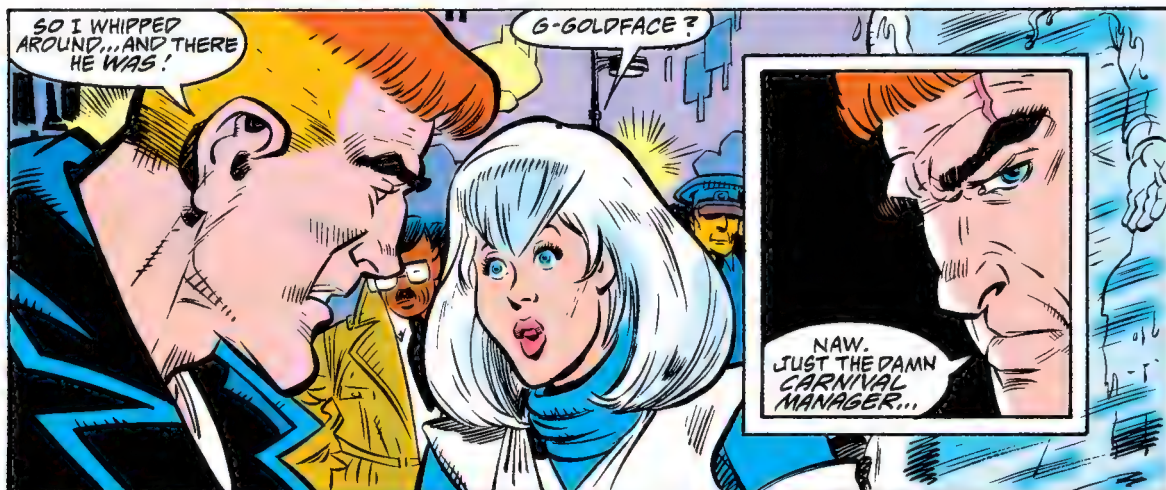
LEASTWAYS YOU DO IF YOU AIN'T A CANDY-BUTT WIMP.

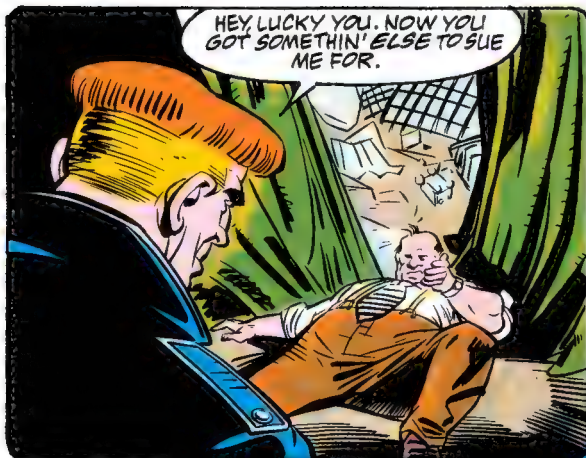
AN' ALL THE RISKS'LL BE WORTH IT... IF THIS THING LASTS ME LONG ENOUGH TO GET GOLDFACE BEFORE JORDAN DOES!



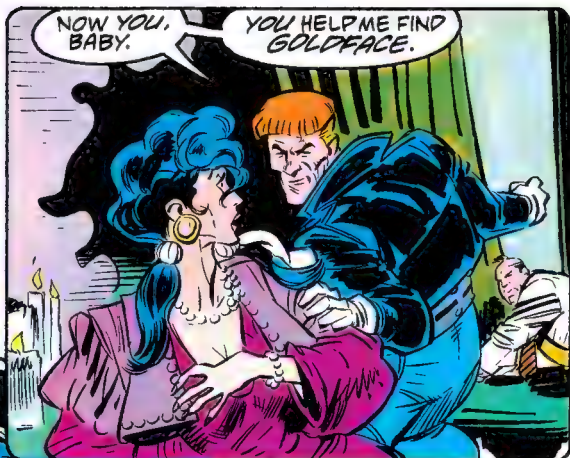
HOKAY, SO I START TRACKIN' GOLDFACE OTHER WAYS. I GO BACK TO THE GAL WHO HELPED ME FIND HIM LAST TIME, MY FORTUNE-TELLER PAL...







HEY, LUCKY YOU. NOW YOU GOT SOMETHIN' ELSE TO SUE ME FOR.



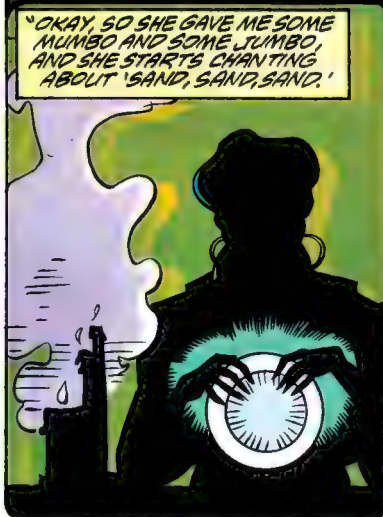
NOW YOU, BABY.

YOU HELP ME FIND GOLDFACE.



ONLY IF IT WILL MAKE YOU GO AWAY.

"THOSE GYPSIES! ALWAYS GREAT AT HIDING THEIR TRUE FEELINGS."



"OKAY, SO SHE GAVE ME SOME MUMBO AND SOME JUMBO, AND SHE STARTS CHANTING ABOUT 'SAND, SAND, SAND.'"



"SO I'M THINKING MAYBE IT'S THE SANDS, 'LIKE THE CASINO, AND MAYBE GOLDFACE STAYED IN VEGAS WHERE I TUSSELED WITH HIM LAST TIME."

I FEEL A TRAIL OF GOLD...



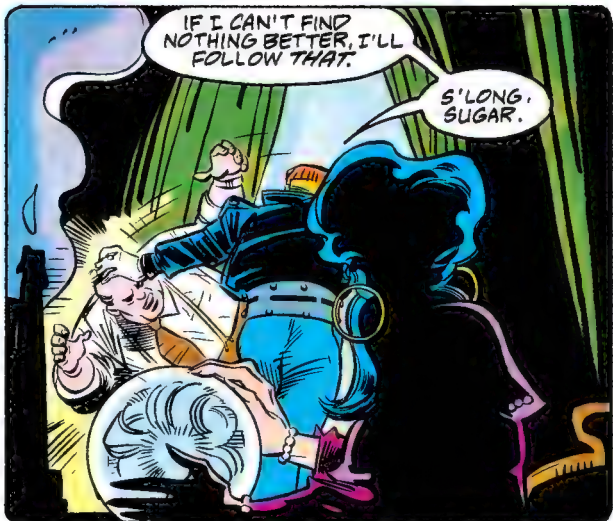
"... BUT IT LEADS AWAY FROM LAS VEGAS... TO A WATERY PLACE... A PLACE OF SAND... OF SALT..."

WELL, THAT'S NICE AN' SPECIFIC.



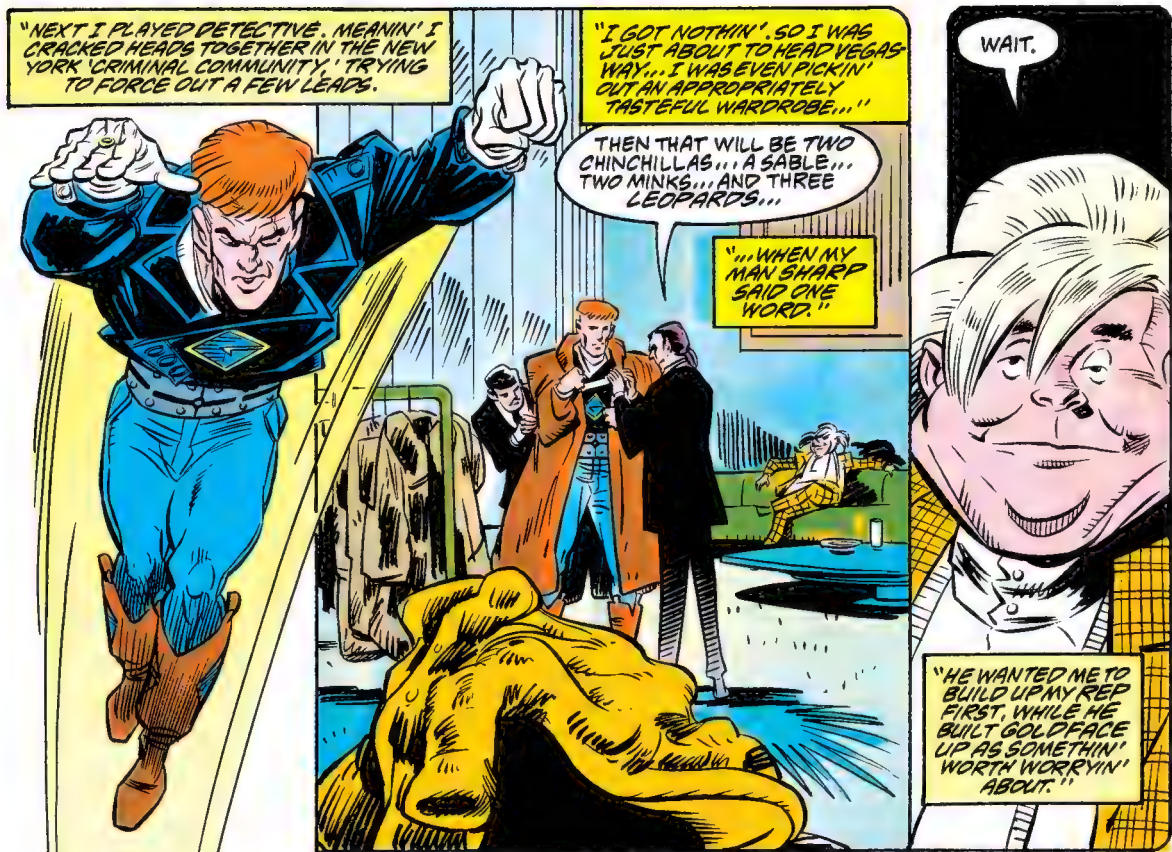
KNOWIN' GOLDFACE, HE'S PROBABLY HIDIN' HIS HEAD IN THE SAND. AN' PLANNING TO RUB SALT IN MY WOUNDS.

WELL, AT LEAST THERE'S A TRAIL LEADING OUTO' VEGAS.



IF I CAN'T FIND NOTHING BETTER, I'LL FOLLOW THAT.

S'LONG, SUGAR.



"NEXT I PLAYED DETECTIVE. MEANIN' I CRACKED HEADS TOGETHER IN THE NEW YORK 'CRIMINAL COMMUNITY', TRYING TO FORCE OUT A FEW LEADS."

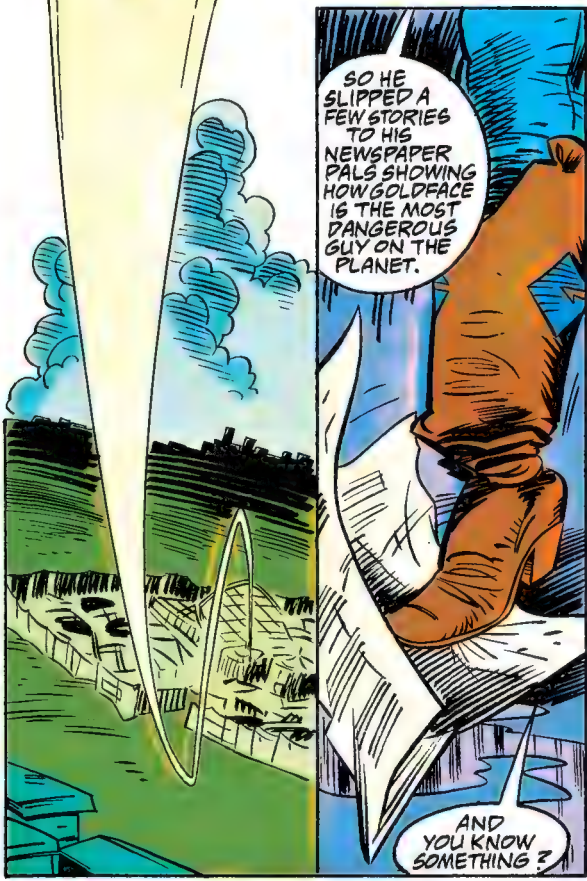
"I GOT NOTHIN'. SO I WAS JUST ABOUT TO HEAD VEGAS WAY... I WAS EVEN PICKIN' OUT AN APPROPRIATELY TASTEFUL WARDROBE..."

THEN THAT WILL BE TWO CHINCHILLAS... A SABLE... TWO MINKS... AND THREE LEOPARDS..."

"...WHEN MY MAN SHARP SAID ONE WORD."

WAIT.

"HE WANTED ME TO BUILD UP MY REP FIRST, WHILE HE BUILT GOLDFACE UP AS SOMETHIN' WORTH WORRYIN' ABOUT."



SO HE SLIPPED A FEW STORIES TO HIS NEWSPAPER PALS SHOWING HOW GOLDFACE IS THE MOST DANGEROUS GUY ON THE PLANET.

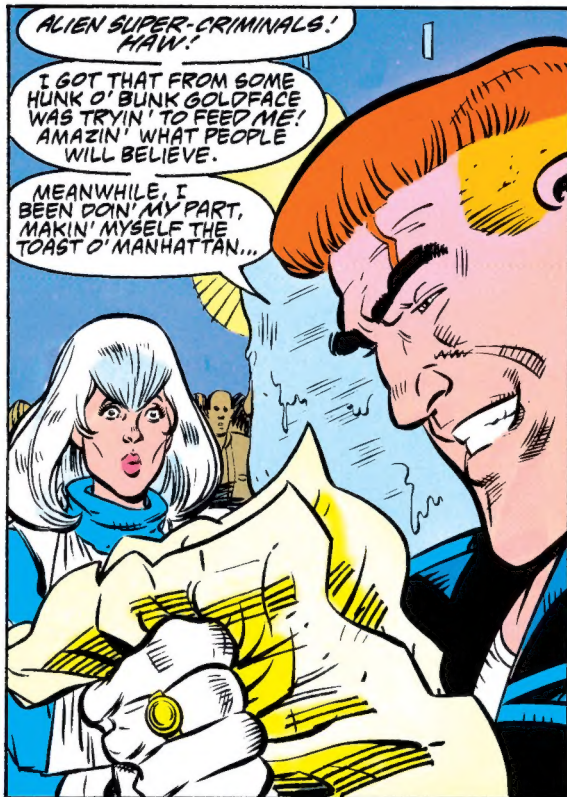
AND YOU KNOW SOMETHING ?



IT WORKED.

THE BUCKSTER EVEN SOLD THE IDEA THAT GOLDIE'S WORKIN' WITH A GANG OF ALIEN SUPER-CRIMINALS!

WHERE IS GOLDFACE?



ALIEN SUPER-CRIMINALS!
HAW!

I GOT THAT FROM SOME
HUNK O' BUNK GOLDFACE
WAS TRYIN' TO FEED ME!
AMAZIN' WHAT PEOPLE
WILL BELIEVE.

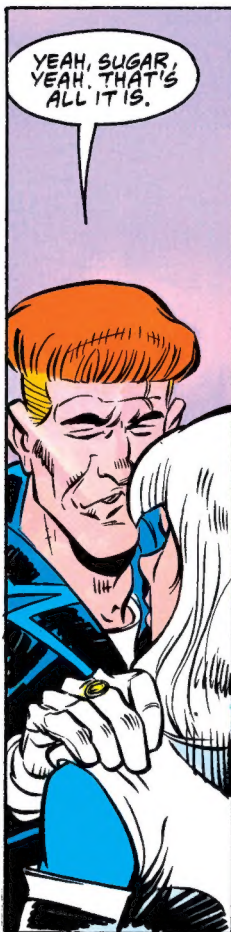
MEANWHILE, I
BEEN DOIN' MY PART,
MAKIN' MYSELF THE
TOAST O' MANHATTAN...



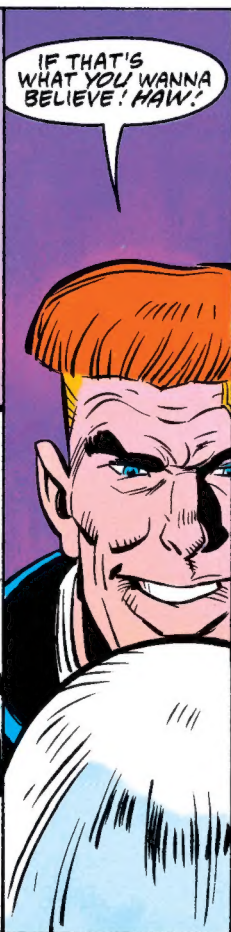
...AND PLANTIN' HINTS THAT
I'M OUT TO GET OL' YELLOW-
HEAD. WHICH IS WHERE OUR
FRIGID FRIEND HERE COMES
IN.

GOLDFACE MUST BE GETTIN'
NERVOUS. AND I LIKE
PEOPLE NERVOUS.

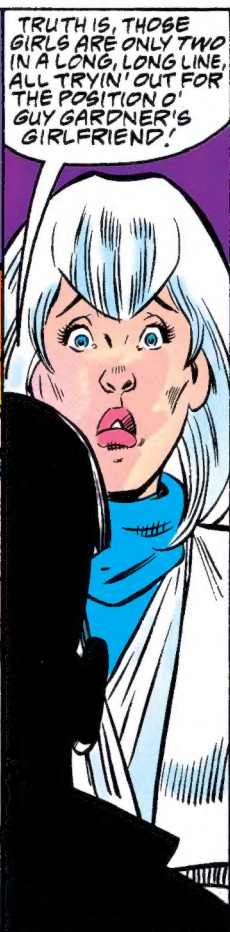
WAIT, GUY! IS... IS THAT
WHY YOU'VE BEEN SQUIRING
THESE WOMEN AROUND TOWN?
JUST TO ENHANCE YOUR
REPUTATION?



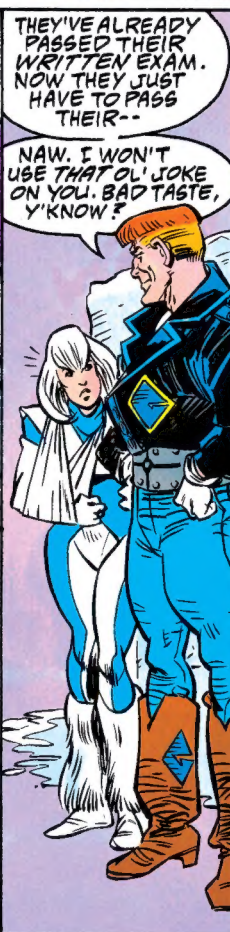
YEAH, SUGAR,
YEAH. THAT'S
ALL IT IS.



IF THAT'S
WHAT YOU WANNA
BELIEVE! HAW!



TRUTH IS, THOSE
GIRLS ARE ONLY TWO
IN A LONG, LONG LINE,
ALL TRYIN' OUT FOR
THE POSITION O'
GUY GARDNER'S
GIRLFRIEND!



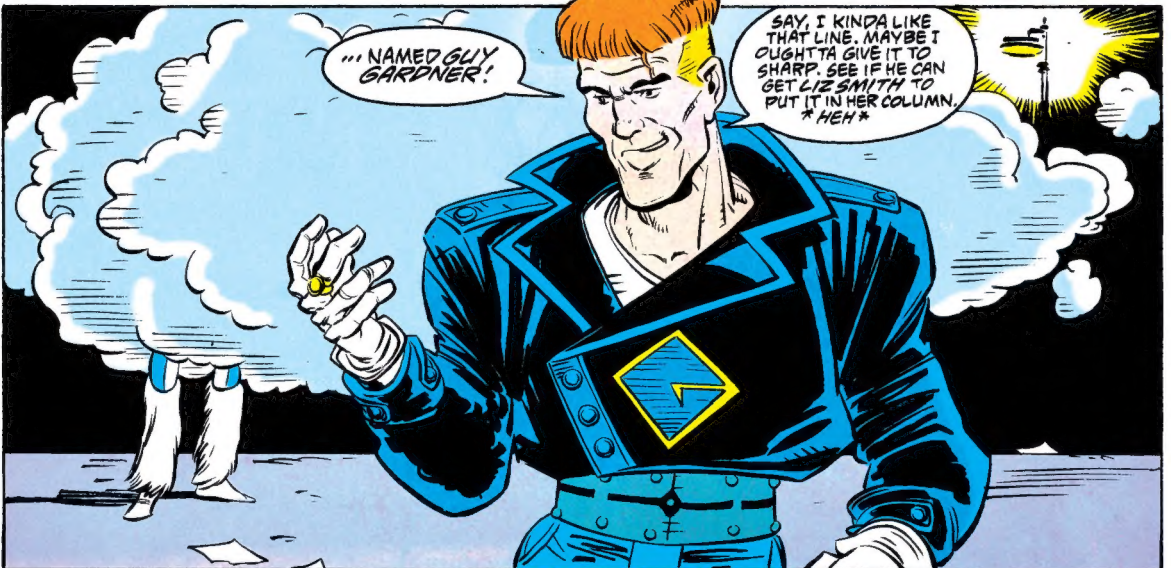
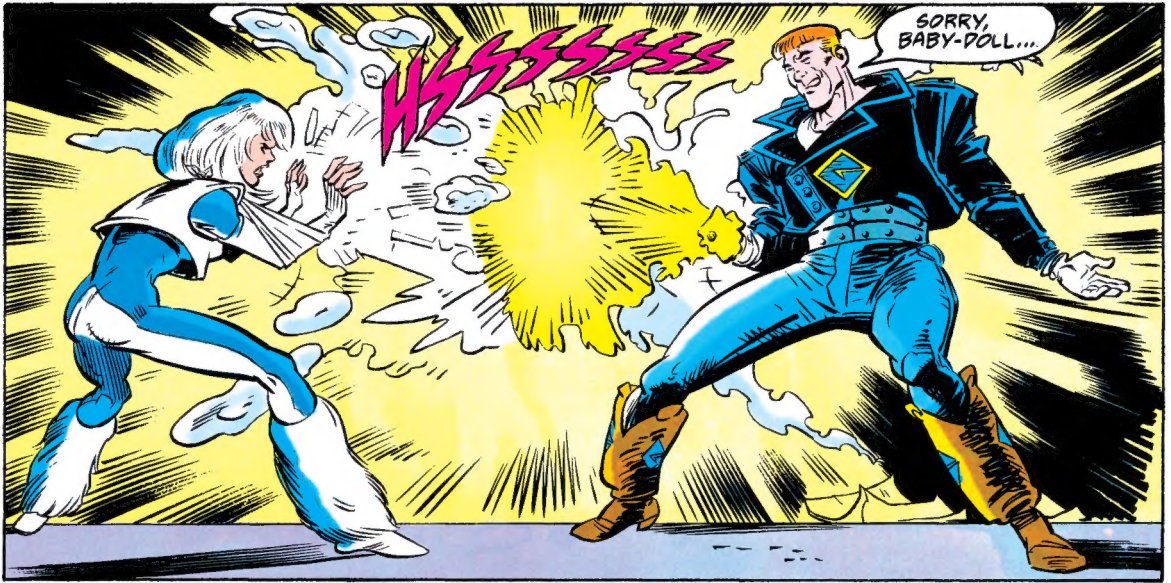
THEY'VE ALREADY
PASSED THEIR
WRITTEN EXAM.
NOW THEY JUST
HAVE TO PASS
THEIR--

NAW. I WON'T
USE THAT OL' JOKE
ON YOU. BAD TASTE,
Y'KNOW?



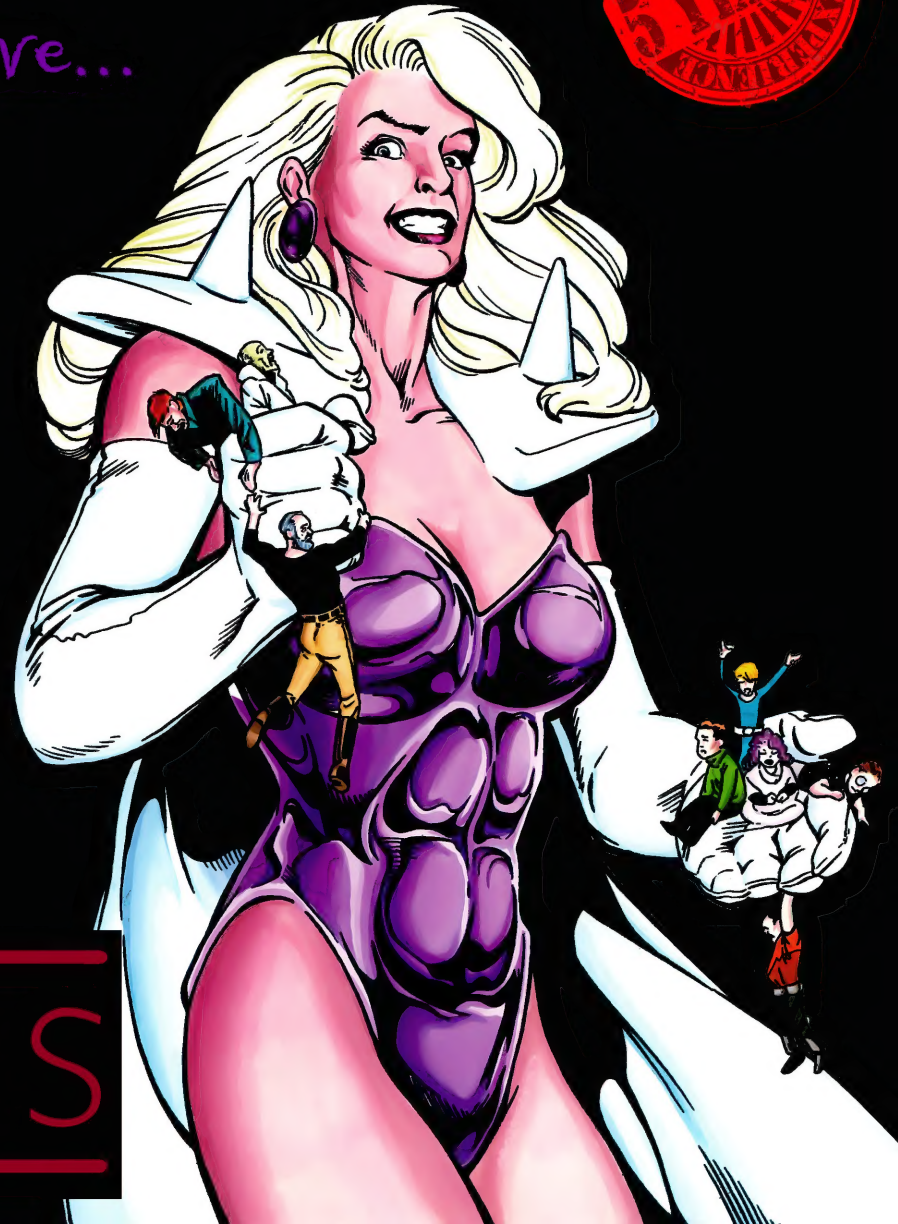
AN! YOU'RE SUCH A
WHOLESOME
GAL!

NOT... THAT...
WHOLESOME!





From Baaldur, with love...



GLORITH

NOVUS